

Happy Halloween

by Forlay

Category: Animorphs

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-10-30 08:00:00

Updated: 1999-10-30 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 10:54:50

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,897

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A Halloween party and Ax Trick or Treating. Scared yet?

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"Rachel!" Sara shouted, knocking at my door.

><font> "Crap," I whispered. Tobias had just come by, Sara and Jordan were supposed to be asleep! "Um..." I searched my mind desperately, trying to figure out where Tobias could hide for a few minutes.<font>

><font> Close the closet door behind me, &gt; he suggested, hopping over to my closet, which had been left carelessly open.<font>

><font> Hoping I hadn't left anything embarrassing in there, I complied, then opened the door for Sara. "What took you so long?" she demanded.<font>

><font> "I was...reading. A really good book that I want to get back to," I improvised. "What do you want? You're supposed to be asleep."<font>

><font> "I was talking to Mom," she said, "About Halloween. You have to take Jordan and me Trick Or Treating."<font>

><font> "And you're telling me this now because...?"<font>

><font> "Mom doesn't want you making any plans."<font>

><font> I sighed. This sucked, there was a party Halloween night at school that we were all going to. 'We' being the Animorphs. Mom should have known about that! "I'm not taking you Trick Or Treating," I told Sara. "I already have plans."<font>

><font> "Moooooooooooooooooom!" Sara yelled, running back downstairs.<font>

><font> I went back to the closet and let Tobias out. "Maybe

you--"<font>

><font> I heard. I'll let you argue this out with your mom and talk to you tomorrow. Good luck. &gt; He hopped to the window.<font>

><font> "Thanks. See ya'." He flew away.<font>

><font> Sara burst back into my room. "Mom wants to talk to you," she told me in a tone of voice that obviously said she thought I was in trouble. I went downstairs, Sara trailing me.<font>

><font> "What's this about you already have plans Halloween?" Mom asked once we were downstairs.<font>

><font> "I already told you. There's a party at school I'm going to. Cassie's mom is driving us there, remember?"<font>

><font> Mom sighed, exasperated. "Yeah, I do remember now. But you're the only one who can take them out. I have to stay here, giving out candy, if you're going to be gone, and the girls refuse to skip Trick Or Treating."<font>

><font> "Forget giving out candy then," I said. "Just take Sara and Jordan out."<font>

><font> "And have the house T.P.'d and egged? You know how vicious some kids get if ever house isn't giving out candy."<font>

><font> I nodded dejectedly, remembering what had happened one year when we'd been out of town Halloween weekend. We'd left Friday, Halloween, afternoon, when we returned Sunday night, the house had been thoroughly egged, leaving spoiled eggs on the lawn and porch.<font>

><font> "Here's an idea," Mom said. "It won't make up for having to skip the party at school, but why don't you invite some of your friends, even their dates, and have a party here? You can be in charge of giving out candy, and still be with your friends, while I take the girls out."<font>

><font> I thought it over for a minute. The only people I would have hung out with at the dance anyway were the other Animorphs, I could easily invite them over for the evening. And Jake and Cassie would probably be more comfortable. It wasn't a secret that they were a couple, but they acted like they couldn't be seen together at a dance. It's hard to believe Jake is related to me at all.<font>

><font> "Fine," I consented, "I'll invite a few friends over."<font>

><font> Mom smiled. "Good. Now Sara, off to bed! It's way past time for you to be asleep." Sara grumbled, but went to her room, while I went to mine.<font>

The next day at school, I told Cassie about the change in plans. She promised to talk to Jake who'd talk to Marco. I'd tell Tobias about it tonight, and he'd pass the message on to Ax. Efficient communications system we have, huh?

><font> Anyways, since Halloween was just a week away, I spent the week getting ready for the festivities. Decorations had to be bought, pumpkins had to be carved, and costumes had to be bought, made or rented. The party at school was going to be a costume party, so since everyone had costumes ready, they were being worn to the party here. I had no idea what Jake, Cassie or Marco were going as, but I'd been in charge of getting a costume for Tobias, Ax had refused to go along with the idea. Anyways, Tobias was going as the Phantom of the Opera, it was the only costume we could come up with that would keep him from being recognized at school as the last dance we'd had there he'd been recognized. I was going as a medieval lady since I'd found an awesome costume in a costume shop.<font>

><font> Halloween finally arrived, not a day too soon. Sara and

Jordan were driving me up the wall in anticipation of the night.<font>

><font> Just minutes after they'd left, while I was up in my room finishing my hair, the doorbell rang. Since there was no tell tale scream of 'Trick or Treat!' I figured it was one of my friends.<font>

><font> I ran down the stairs to open the door, where Jake and Cassie were waiting. "Hey," I said, letting them in. I had stifle a laugh as Cassie struggled to get in. She was wearing an actual dress, a ball gown. Judging by the tiara on her head, she was a princess of some kind, Jake looked like he was supposed to be her prince. "So, who are you two?" I asked.<font>

><font> "Cinderella and Prince Charming," Cassie replied, not able to hide the disgust in her voice. I giggled again. "Who got you into the dress?"<font>

><font> She glared at Jake, "Take a guess." Now Jake laughed.<font>

><font> "No fair," I said, mock angry. "You can get her into a dress after what, a week of begging? I've known her forever and she has yet to wear a dress for me for something besides a dance."<font>

><font> "It was more like a month," Jake admitted. "But she made me pay by getting me into this costume," he added, looking down at his costume in disgust.<font>

><font> The doorbell rang again, followed by a shout of Trick or Treat. I excused myself and gave the kids their candy. I was just about to close the door when another came running up.<font>

><font> I had grabbed a few pieces of candy to give him, but when I looked back up, I noticed who it was, Marco. I laughed, "And I was just about to give you some Trick or Treat candy," I joked, letting him in.<font>

><font> "Hah hah," he replied, walking past me towards the living room. "Bond. James Bond," he introduced himself when he saw Jake and Cassie were already there. I rolled my eyes, and went to answer the door when the bell rang again. This time it was Tobias and Ax.<font>

><font> Tobias stood there for a moment, staring, when he saw me. Not very long, but long enough to make me self conscious of the attention. "Um, come in," I said. Ax walked in awkwardly, still not used to walking on only two legs. Tobias followed more slowly.<font>

><font> "You look great," he said as we walked behind Ax into the living room. I flushed slightly and smoothed out invisible wrinkles in the blue velvet of my skirt.<font>

><font> "So do you," I complemented. He was just in the suit and cape of the Phantom, I can't imagine the mask had been too comfortable, and it wasn't necessary here.<font>

><font> Once in the family room, I turned on the CD player and the six of us sat around, talking, me getting up occasionally to answer the Trick or Treaters.<font>

><font> After the door at least a dozen times, Ax asked me, "Why do you keep answering the door? Answering. Swer. Swer-ING."<font>

><font> "It's Halloween, Ax," I answered. "I keep answering the door because kids dressed up in costumes come to the door to get candy."<font>

><font> "Ah," Ax said, pretending to understand. He was silent for a few more minutes, then asked again, "Why do they get candy? Andy?"<font>

><font> "Because it's Halloween," Marco answered, answering nothing. "Trick or Treating. It's what kids do."<font>

><font> "But are you not kids? Ids?"<font>

><font> "Technically, we are, Ax," Cassie tried to explain. "But after a kid becomes a certain age, they don't go out trick or treating anymore."<font>

><font> The doorbell rang again. "Ax, come with me. I'll show you the kids who are there. You'll see they're younger than us." Clumsily, he got up from his seat on the couch and followed me to the front door.<font>

><font> "Hi, Rachel!" A girl I vaguely recognized said when I answered the door.<font>

><font> "Um...hi," I said.<font>

><font> "It's Hillary. From history, remember me?"<font>

><font> Oh, yeah, perfect way to prove my point! A girl from my history class was trick or treating as a princess.<font>

><font> I grabbed a few pieces of candy and gave them to Hillary and the other girl she was with who I didn't recognize. I said good bye quickly and closed the door, turning to face a confused Ax. "Okay, that was a really bad example," I explained. "Some people still like to go Trick or Treating at our age. Don't ask me to explain them."<font>

><font> He closed his mouth. Obviously, that's exactly what he'd been planning on asking me to do.<font>

><font> The door bell rang again. Fearing who might be on the other side, I opened the door...to reveal a group of rambunctious seven year olds, dressed as everything from Barbie to Austin Powers. Yes, seven year old Austin Powers. Scary.<font>

><font> Ax watched in interest as I gave the giggling kids their candy. I think he was a bit envious that the kids got candy and he didn't, but he didn't say anything. We returned to the others, Ax deep in thought, and I continued in the conversation we'd left off on before Ax had started asking about Halloween.<font>

><font> "I would like to go Trick or Treating. Ing. Ting," Ax announced suddenly.<font>

><font> "Ax-man, hate to break it to you, but you generally need a costume in order to get candy," Marco said.<font>

><font> "But I am wearing artificial clothing. Ing. I like that sound. Ing. Inginginging. Ing."<font>

><font> "Shut up about the 'ing', Ax," I said.<font>

><font> "Sorry. But I am wearing artificial clothing, is that not a costume?"<font>

><font> "A costume is when you purposefully dress up as something else," Jake explained.<font>

><font> "I am dressed up as a human. Man. Huuuuman."<font>

><font> "Fine, let's take the guy Trick or Treating," Marco said. "We can always say he's an alien who's pretending to be human. It happens all the time on TV."<font>

><font> "You guys go ahead, I still have to wait here and give out--"<font>

><font> The door opened and closed, Mom called out, "We're home!"<font>

><font> "Then again, maybe I don't," I finished. "Hi, Mom."<font>

><font> "Hi, Rachel!" Sara said, running to me, her bucket of candy banging against her leg. "Look at all my candy!"<font>

><font> "That's great," I said. "Hey, Mom, can we go out for awhile?"<font>

><font> "Why?" she asked, hanging up her jacket.<font>

><font> I shrugged. "We're bored, so we figure we could go out, walk

around. We're in a group, we'll be safe."<font>  
><font> She considered for a minute, then grudgingly gave her permission. "But don't stay out too long. It's getting late, most people have gone home for the evening."<font>  
><font> "Gotcha," I called over my shoulder as the six of us filed out of the house. I'd grabbed a tote bag as we left so Ax would have something to put his candy in.<font>  
><font> "Not many houses," I warned as we walked to the neighbors. "We don't need Ax on a sugar high."<font>  
><font> "Sugar high? Hiiiiiiiiiiiiiii?" Ax asked. "What's that?"<font>

><font> "Long story," Tobias said, not really wanting to go into it.<font>  
><font> We came up to the neighbors house, the five of us allowing Ax to go ahead slightly. "Push the doorbell, Ax," Jake coached. "It's the lighted button there. When the person answers, hold out the bag and say 'Trick or Treat'. Got it?" Ax nodded slightly. Gingerly, he reached out and pressed the doorbell. After a moment Mrs. Wilson, our elderly next door neighbor, answered the door.<font>  
><font> "Trick or Treat. ReeEEEEEEeat. Tuh," Ax said.<font>  
><font> Mrs. Wilson looked confused for a moment, "What are you supposed to be?"<font>  
><font> I stepped up before Ax could answer, "An alien who's pretending to be a human. He's a big 'X-Files' fan."<font>  
><font> Mrs. Wilson looked wary, but held out her bowl of candy-various mini chocolate bars-to Ax. "Choose a few."<font>

><font> Ax's eyes widened as he reached for the bowl of candy. At first I thought he'd be sensible and grab just two bars, then again, this is Ax we're talking about. How could I have thought such a thing? He grabbed a handful of the candy. Then another. He tried shoving the entire bowl into his bag.<font>  
><font> "A--Phillip! No!" I shouted, trying to pull him away. The others helped me, and we hurried him back down the sidewalk. "Sorry, Mrs. Wilson," I called over my shoulder.<font>  
><font> "Yeah!" Marco called. "Sorry, he's Canadian!" I rolled my eyes. Of course, how was Marco to know Mrs. Wilson was originally from Canada?<font>  
><font> "Ax, what were you <em>doing<em>?" Cassie asked once we were back on the sidewalk.  
><font> "She said choose a few. Ew. 'Few' does not specify exactly how many I was to choose. Exactly. Zzzzzactly."<font>  
><font> I sighed and checked my watch. Nine o'clock. Almost all the Trick or Treaters were back home, porch lights were blinking off all down the street. "Know what, it's late. My house isn't going to be fun to hang out at anymore since the rest of my family is home, so why don't we just call it a night?" Everyone, except Ax, nodded in agreement. We said our good byes, and we all split up. Cassie and Jake walking together, Marco going in another direction, dragging Ax with him. Probably figuring he'd be a smart aleck and give Tobias and me some privacy.<font>  
><font> "Some party, huh?" I asked sarcastically, wandering slowly back towards my house.<font>  
><font> "It was fine," he assured me. "Much better than anything at school."<font>  
><font> I smiled a little. "It's not hard to have a party better than the school's." I stopped in front of my driveway. "I'll talk to you later."<font>  
><font> "Yeah."<font>  
><font> A moment of awkward silence. I spoke again, "Don't let Ax eat

all of that candy tonight. Who knows how he'd deal with it."<font>

><font> Tobias laughed, "He'd probably be on the world's biggest sugar high."<font>

><font> "Good night, Tobias."<font>

><font> " 'Night, Rachel."<font>

><font> "Happy Halloween."<font>

><font> "You, too."<font>

> <p>

\_Author's Notes: Whew, didn't think I'd get this done in time!!!

Anywho, I promise that I'll get back to my famous depressing Hopeless Romantic/Death and Destruction fics now. Oh, and about Marco's little comment...I have absolutely nothing against Canadians. Canadians are wonderful people and Canada is a great place. I was just going with something a friend of mine and I were talking about while we were out Trick or Treating tonight and Ax's comment about his nationality to Cassie's dad in book 34.\_

End  
file.